tennis by which drives can be made under as well as over the net and balls can be by

a dexterous wrist movement served that

a soft china silk sash she binds around her waist and by sewing one end, in the form of an open-mouthed bag, she keeps her rub-ber balls there handy for serving—with her right she wields her racquet, which is made very light and with a handle double as long as one uses for tennis afoot. Some women

use a featherweight racquet, made a good deal like that for lacrose, and, by a hole in the end of the handle and a stoutsath ribbon, this fine long hat is tied to her

THE WAY TO PLAY.

"Now as to the game: Two, four or six persons can play on one set of courts, Where there are six women two offi-ciate in the courts on either side, while a

"Women who have tried it pronounce

bicycle teams the most all-round, amusing and exhibitating sport possible. There is just enough danger of trouble, collisions and exercise both for lungs and muscles,

with skill and wit, agility and discretion required to inspire enthusiasm and energy. It is impossible to play bicycle tennis unless you know all about your wheel, and it is just as impossible to play it without shout-

ing orders to your outside player, confusion to your opponents and triumph over your good strokes; just as it is difficult to get through without some lively tumbles, rapid onslaughts into the net and high-pitches

denunciations of the unpire's rulings:
But bruised defeated, breathless, and exhausted you will cling to your decision that
as an outdoor game it is almost without
parallel and, "concluded the narrator, mounting her frest-pamped wheel, "I do honestly
think it is a cure for the only danger I
know in bicycling."

know in bicycling."

MILICENT ARROWPOINT.

MARY.

Mary had a little lamb,
But both have long been dead;
If Mary were alive today,
She'd want a wheel instead,
—Somerville Journal.

1894.

## OVER 30,000 WHEELS RIDDEN IN WASHINGTON

Five Years Ago Less Than a Thousand of the Silent Steeds Were Owned in This City.

sand, and sixty-two thousand will be the record of sales of bikes, beginning with the year 1890 and ending with the present year of grace and whirring wheels. Thirty one thousand have already been bought from the various dealers from January 1

It is easy to juggle with these figures and to change the idea of the "fad" or the "craze" into an indictment of insanity, but truth is better than romance. Al-together there have been sold 74,000 bicycles of the newest styles, grades and fashlons. This means that people number ing more than one fourth of the whole population have at some time within the last five and a half years bought wheels, learned to ride and have joined the multi-tudinous cavairy host that rides the steel

even children remember it—that even a man on a new wheel was a rare bird. Their first vision, perhaps, was of the man on the old upright wheel, away up in the air, and going in those days at what was a rate of speed far beyond the limit of safety. was a Colossus of Rhodeson a wheel, if not wheels, for the little one was regarded as a necessity merely to be tolerated. Expert riders even now can do fairly well on a one-wheeled bicycle, which is, nevertheless, a contradiction in terms,

BIRTH OF THE FAD.

Then there was the period when the twowheeled bike par excellence sprang into existence. Washington is not always first in departures, but it was not long after the new wheels were invented until the asphalt boulevard was discovered to be the place designed long ago by Gov. Shepherd for the

Then there was another period. It was actually the moot question in the tocal circle as to whether woman should be a bene ficiary and patron of the eighth wonder of the world. This showed that Belva Lockwood had straddled the question long be-fore on a velocipede, and had moved everything before ber.

Nevertheless it was fully and prayerfully discussed and then lo! a woman appeared on a wheel and then another and another and another, rising above the social horizon one at a time, as the stars come out in the purpling skies of a summer evening. This is somewhat florid and pretical, but it is in touch with the ideal movement about which it is being written.

that when woman is seized with any kind form. It might be concluded from this that women would own probably one-half of the 74,000 cycles, but such is not the fact.

WOMAN'S PART IN IT. It is perhaps slightly exaggerated to say that there are 15,000 wheelwomen in the city, but even 15,000 is an important part

of the grand army. It is the picturesque contingent. It is to the pressic men on wheels what the glittering cuirassiers, or touaves, the hightanders, are to the monotony of color in the French and English armies. It is a little strange to note that "the stringency of the times," for there were such stringencies between '90 and '96, if not at present, did not in the slightest de-

greeeffect the buying and selling of bicycles. For the five years noted there was a steady increase. In '91 the sales were 350 per cent more than in 1890, and in '95 sixteen hundred per cent greater. This year they sixty-two hundred per cent. Truly the bike is running down the grade out breaks and coasting on to greater things. Figures, while they do not lie, are yet

barren of suggestion when speaking of so interesting a subject; but if any proof were wanted of the enormous success of the bleycle boom it can be found by an inspection of the bikes themselves in active service. There are several places in the city at which the bicyclers meet unconsciously in

the great afternoon tours which are usually taken to the north into the lovely suburbs. One of these places is on Capitol Hill. Becond street and Pennsylvania avenue southeast. A writer from The Times took the pains the other aftertion to watch the stream of bleyclers as they passed that point, some going down the grade toward the Botanical Gardens, others north toward new Library Building, and all beading for points west and north. He counted the fly ers for forty nilnutes, and found that the average was nine per minute. This, of course, does not mean all day, but in those, at present, delightful hours of the after-, when the Departments are closed an the prospective tourists have dined well. PASSING A POINT.

Another famous point of observation is at Fourteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue per minute, but nearly all the streets running north from Pennsylvania avenue are channels from the streams that flow northrard to the green fields and country roads of the suburban retreats.

At Ninth street and Pennsylvania avenu northwest the average was eight per ninute after 6 o'clock

Another phase of the people in motion on wheels is to be observed on the street sars. A few nights ago a passenger on the cable cars counted 169 bicycles coming south while the car was going from M areet to U street northwest. It is a ong, good, and straight run from M street to the rise of Meridian Hill, and this stretch is a favorite with the little barks

course, that of the wobbler, which staggers its various and variegated way at sbort and easy stages.

The moonlight night is, of course, the barvest time for the northwest. The streets are fairly alive then with hundreds of riders in all the stages of proficiency. A very common sight is the group which surrounds the young lady who is only learning to ride, and who, if fall she must, will be caught in the arms of balf a dozen or more experts of the other gender. INCREASE IN SALES.

crease of sales is had from the records of the dealers. The record of one of these is in 1893, 80; in 1894, 124; in 1895, 250; and 635 so far in the present year. He expects to make a record of 1,500 sold for the whole year 1896.

There is no telling what the results of the general desire to sit astride of the new horse will be. At the present ratio of in-crease there will probably be at this time next year in the city at least 150,000 bicycles. It is, of course, the wildest con jecture to suppose that in the meanwhile

anything better will have been invented. The French "celerette," which, it is claimed anybody can ride and anybody can make, is such an ungainly thing that it will have no chance with the beautiful, trim and ficet steed of the century.

BLUECOATS ON BICYCLES.

They Are a Terror Now to the Reck-

less Scorcher.

The police bicycle squad is doing good work. Although comprised of but three. officers and organized less than one month ago, the silent riders have made nearly 100 arrests for reckless riding and other offenses against the bicycle regulations. Scorcing has now become the exception.

where heretofore it was the rule.

This city, with its smoothly-concreted and splendidly shaded streets and avenues, is a paradise for wheelmen and a standing inducement for speedy riding. There are thousands of bicyclists in Washington, and while many of them are careful and cool-headed. Users are others who are recipies.

while many of them are careful and cool-headed, there are others who are reckless to a degree bordering on criminality. The frequency of accidents, serious, and in some instances, falsal, convinced Maj, william G. Moore, chief of potice, that steps should be takes to apprehend those who persisted in violating the police regu-lations, which had been adopted for the pro-tection of prefestrians and whoselment them. tection of pedestrians and wheelmen them-selves. The foot patrolmen were unable to capture the flying bicyclists, who when spoken to would in the parlance of the street, give the copsthe laugh, and then rush away, leaving the discomfited policeman standing in the roadway.

PUT ON WHEELS. Maj. Moore knew that several of his men ere expert wheelmen, and the 1

thought occurred to him to organize a bicy-cle squad. The precincts lieutenants were consulted by the major, and each submitted the names of the officers in their bailiwicks who rode wheels.

who rode wheels.

The result was the selection of Policeman Charles C. Estes, of the Sixth precinct; John W. Robertson, of the Fourth, and James A. Duvall, of the Second. The trio are sober, conscientious men, fearless and expert riders. They have done such stalwart work that it is probable after June 30, when the fifty new men are sworn in, the bicycle squad will be increased in numbers and placed in charge of a sergeaut.

Charles C. Estes, a member of the "Three

a sergeaut.

Charles C. Estes, a member of the "Three of a Kind," as the police have christened the bicycle squad, is thirty-three years of age, and a man of fine physique. He was term in Burke county, N. C., and attended the State schools in Rutherford county, Mr. Estes is proud of his "Tar Heel" State ancestry, and the fact that though early left an orphan, he commenced the battle of life at hard work on a farm in the picturesque Southland. turesque Southland Mr. Estes married Miss Alice Kingsbury

Mr. Estes married Miss Alice Kingsbury of this city, her father being an official of the Postoffice Department. He has been on the police force seven years, and for the past three has devoted his spare time to bicycle riding.

Policeman Estes was put to a test the other day. He rode up beside an athlete who had been scorching. The athlete did not recognize Estes in his bicycle costume as an officer of the law.

"I want you for fast riding," said

"I want you for fast riding," said

"Who the d-l are you?"
"An officer."
"You are, eh? Well, if you want myou will have to catch me."

AN EXCITING CHASE.

An exciting chase.

And away sped the athlete like the wind. Ester bent down to the work before him, and after a long chase overhauled the rider and escorted him triumphantly to the station-house.

Policeman Ester recognizes the fact that bicycle riders as a rule are gentlemantly fellows, or "good people." He, therefore, uses good judgment in making arrests and has never locked up a boy between the ages of fourteen and twenty yars until he has notified their parents or guardians of the arrest. If the parents are responsible people the boy is sometimes released with-

RATIO OF THE INCREASE YEAR BY YEAR

First Six Months of 1896 Has Witnessed a Remarkable Growth of the Fad.

Out collateral and notified to appear in the police county in New York, and the police county in the police county in New York, and the station house. Mr. Eates does not discriminate between the area ont in the mood to make the suburbant trips. Nothing is pretter than a view up or down one of the big boulevarial in the Thing of the Period.

One thousand; three thousand and five hundred; five thousand and five hundred; five thousand; seven thousand inve hundred; tren thousand; seven thousand will be the found, and say; two thousand will be the sundred; five thousand; seven thousand inve hundred; tren thousand; sixteen thousand; seven thousand inve hundred; tren thousand; sixteen thousand; not considered to thousand; seven thousand inve hundred; tren thousand; sixteen thousand; seven thousand will be the record of sales of blies, teginning with record of sales o his connection with the bicycle squad he has made thirty-two arrests.
Policeman John W. Robertson, of the squad, was born in Kansas. He is twenty-eight years of age, and has been on the police force six years and four months. During that time he served in the First, Second, Fourth and Ninth precincts, being at present in the Fourth or South Washington precinct. Robertson has resided in Washington for twenty years, and attended the public schools here. He is married and has one child, a bright little girl. He served six years as a bugler in the Marine service, and made a long cruise over the South Atlantic. At one time he was also detailed with the police guard at the White

Policeman Robertson has had some long races after secreters. One of the longest was from Third street and Pennsylvania avenue northwest to Tenth street and New York avenue, after three colored men who had been racing along the Avenue. Besucceeded in capturing all three, however. Since his connection with the bleycle squad Mr. Robertson has made thirty-nine arrests. A MARYLAND BOY.

Policeman James A. Duvall is a sporty, handsome looking young man in his natty bicycle costume, including goif stockings and a nobby looking little cap. He is twenty-nice years of age, and was born in Prince George county, Md., near Upper Marthoro. Mr. Duvall has resided in Washington eleven years, but gained his schooling in Prince George. He is married, and has two interesting children. He has been on the police force five years, and served in the Second, Third and Eighth precincts.

Policeman Duvall has had some exciting experiences as a hicycle copper. Recently Policeman James A. Duvall is a sporty

of a third party. The third player offi-ciates like the others on her wheel, but her sole business is to recover balls that fly beyond the limits of the course and if she can recover and drive back such balls, before they touch the ground, the point is not lost as in other games of tennis. She must send it back loto her partners' courts and let them manipu-late it on, but if she can direct it straight on over the net into the opponent's courts she wins a point for her side. When not actively looking out for these flying balls her duty is to regain those hopelessly lost and restore them to their partners' bags and to take precious care she doesn't intrude one inch inside the boun-daries of the courts. For infringing this Policeman Duvall has had some exciting experiences as a bicycle copper. Recently a reckless wheelman ran against a boy and knocked him down. The wheelman had a long lead on Duvall, but the gritty officer got down to work and pursued the fellow along H street to First street northeast. The steam railroad gate there was being lowered as a train was approaching, but the reckless rider darted beneath it and came near being caught under the jocomotive. when Duvall reached the gate it was

down and the train was passing. The reckless fellow on the other side took ad-vantage of this and made his escape. On another occasion Policeman Duvall had a long chase after an offender, ex-tending from Fourteenth and Q streets northwest, down Fourteenth street to

northwest, down Fourteenth street to Massachusetts avenue, thence to the National Guard armory, on L street between Fourth and Fifth, where he was captured. The bicycles ridden by the police squad are owned by the men them\_\_\_\_, and they are also compelled to foot the bills for repairs, etc. An effort is being made to have the District authorities buy a supply of bicycles for the men, which seems to be but just, considering the great amount of "wear and tear" the wheels amount of "wear and tear" the wheele are subjected to in running down violators

BICYCLE TENNIS.

n Exciting and Popular Game Played on Wheels. Does bicycling bring wrinkles?

That was the question hotly discussed by a little knot of women, resting on a log by the roadside the other day. Some of them were plainly alarmed at the suggestion, others doubtful as to whether it ought to be allowed to interfere with the day's run or not, and a feeble minerity of one remained openly defiant and skeptical.

"Well, for my part, whether It's the solemn truth or wicked fiction." said the

girl in lively looking gelf stockings, as she her hind tire. "it's too serious a matter to have to chance, and to counteract any posshie danger of wrinkles I am going to Join a bicycle tennis team. "It was an emment face specialist who frightened me about the wrinkles. She

didn't know even my name, occupation or special predifections, but directly I took off my veil in her operating chair the other morning she calmiy asserted that I had been wheeling too much. When I insisted on hearhigh low she knew I had been wheeling at all, she just handed me a powerful hand glass and began to point out the almost in-perceptable indications of fine creases about my forehead, between the eyes and around the mouth and nose. It requires only three to six mouths wheeling, she told me, to fix those hair-fine creases into long in-delible wrinkles. I had just taken a private heart-breaking vow never to touch the pedals again when she cheerfully suggested that I counteract the effect of the bicycling by alternating or combining it with some other out-door sport.

"Try something," she said; 'that will

lift your eyes off the unconsciously steady and frowning contemplation of the road be-fore you, that will bring your arms into free play and raise up your chin. Bicycling is routiue sport. Give a woman ten miles of good road and away she will spin, her factor of the spin a knot, her body inflexible, her lips tightly shat, too interested, short of breath and intent on her road to speak, laugh or even change her ex-pression and the result is natural, wrinkles; quick, deep, ugiy fellows, hard to rub out and rapid in reappearing. Do you see I have been warned in time and in order to at once keep up my wheeling and main tain my youthful smoothness of brow and chin I've taken to bicycle tennis." THE COURT.

Even the skeptical girl under a brown veil demands to know something of this game. "Oh itsa new thing," explained she of the golf stockings. "It originated only this

1893.

MAUD MULLER.

Mand Muller, on a summer's day, Mounted her wheel and rode away. Of large red freckles and first-rate health

Frightened the sparrow from his tree.

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest

For what if her wheel should strike a ston

He carried his wheel into the shade

And he asked her if she would kindly loan Her pump to him, as he'd lost his own.

At her feet, once hid by a trailing gown.

'Tis very fine weather we're having to

"What do the players wear? Oh, just what they do ordinarily on the wheel with the exception that every woman carries at her left hip a bag. This is usually one end of a soft china silk saab she binds around her waist and by section one. He spoke of grass and flowers and trees; Of twenty-mile runs and centuries. And Maud forgot that no trailing gown

Was over her bloomers hanging down.

Of the costliest make and the finest steel. And I'd give one to ma of the same design

The Judge looked back, as he climbed the

So that she'd cease to borrow mine.

A prettier face and a form more fair I've seldom gazed at, I declare!

But he thought of his sisters, proud and

If he should, one of these afternoons

doesn't intrude one men haster the toun-daries of the courts. For infringing this iaw she can be ruled out of the game by her partners' opponents.

"Meanwhile her partners begin, as they "Meanwhile her partners begin, as they circle round the couris, by serving six balls, according to the usuabrules of tennis. They wheel around as they serve, in order to preserve their balance and then, dexterously maintaining their course by the left hand on the bicycle's handle bars, dart, circle, turn double, half and run in their efforts to keep the ball going. All of the six balls are played upon. That is, if one player can place every one, or five, or four of her balls correctly on serving an entire game is played out on every ball that falls falsely in the service. With the privileges of serving and drisping either over or under the net you, can see larger opportunities are given and, then in this game of tennis every point gained is a He thought of that freckled bloomer girl Of the way she stood there, pigeon-toed And many children played round her door; She cut them down for her oldest bo

Dreams were their only stock in trade.

Binging, she rode, and her merry glee

The Judge scorched swiftly down the road

Of the apple tree, to await the maid.

She left ber wheel with a sprightly jump And in less than a Jiffy produced her pump. And she blushed as she gaveit, looking down

Mand Muller looked and sighed, "Ab, me! That I the Judge's bride might be!

'My father should have a brand-new wheel

opportunities are given and then in this game of tennis every point gained is a point earned toward the sum total on the final score. They tried to introduce that ruling very often in the palmy days of regular tennis, but the authorities always frowned it down. Now the bicyclers have made laws of their own and the good pastime of tennis is like to return to a larger and more vigorous popularity than ever before.

adamant floor to the wheel; and then, all hopeful,

talkative of when
That blissful day shall come, and be with
mistress ride
A tandem to the happy courts of Love!
Then a bikist, in full measure, seeking the

bubble Notoriety As a trick cycler; colliding with an Alder-

With eyes severe, our cycler vanishes be-hind a prisoner's dock; The sixth age shifts, and into his lean and plaided pantaloons With fearsome mien and real faint-hearted-

ness,
His little hoard, well saved for purposes
Known right well by his bike, which, disarranged,
And spokes uncombed, awaits its master's
ball!

And his big, manly voice, turning to a child-

And his big, manly voice, turning to a childish treble, pipes
"Ay, guitty, Honor!" winds whistling in
his sound;
Last scene of all, that ends a wheelman's
Chess and Checkered history,
Is cyclomania, oblivion to else
Save gear, save spoke, save tire, save—
scorching!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A BENEDICTION.

God bless the wheel! the whirring wheel!
That wakens the world's unmeasured zeal,
And makes a man of my torture feel
Like praising the same alway,
For it's taken the maid next door, who

All the world's a-wheel, And all the cyclers merely tired!

They have their enmittee as to a choice of bike, And one man in his time has many fells— His acts being seven ages. At first the

I'd like to please her, but I feel Opposed to cycling quite; To me a woman on a wheel Is not a pretty sight. pollywog, Wiggling and sprawling from his tratoer's arms; Then the whining and discouraged tyro,

A LOVER'S WAIL

I do not fancy biking humps, And feel my grief 'twould crown To see those beauteous legs, like pum Go working up and down.

No, wheels are not for such as she, Though they are speedy things. Far more appropriate 'twould be Were she equipped with wings.

car other self, so silent, swift and sure My dumb companion of delightful days, Might fairy fingers from thy orbit rays of steel strike music, as the gods of yore, om reed or shell; what melodies we

On my glad ears; what songs of woodland Of summer's wealth of corn, or the sweet

Of April's budding green; while evermore
We twain, one living thing, flash like the
light

Down the long tracks that stretch from

sky to sky,
Thou hastthy music, too; whattimethenoon
Beats sultry on broad roads, when gathering night,
We drink the keen-edged air; or, dark-

Twixt hedgerows blackened by a mystle -Adriel Vere, in Spectator.

MADE IT CHRONIC.

He was bent on having a wheel, they said, And to purchase one was straightway led, And now, as his daily feats have shown, He's bent till the same has chronic grown.

For it's asset sought sought To daily pound the plano-forte, To another brand of athletic sport That bears her miles away.

— Boston Courier. Half of 1896-to June 30th.



1,000.

3,500.

1891.

5,000.

1892.

7,000.